



## Here's Something New

No more ashes to lug. No clumsy pan to spill dust and dirt on the kitchen floor.

### The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar. No part is in sight. Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel.

### The Dust Tight Cover

to barrel is another entirely new Glenwood Idea and is very ingenious. The Ash Chute is sold complete with barrel and all connections, as illustrated, at a moderate price to fit any cabinet style Glenwood. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood the Range without ornamentation or fancy nickel. "The Mission Style" Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon.

### Up-To-Date Gas Attachments

This Range can be had with the latest and most improved Elevated or End Gas Range attachment. It has a powerful hot water front or for country use a Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of even as ordered. When the Ash Chute cannot be used an Improved Ash Pan is provided.

At Least One-half of All Glenwoods, Are Sold through the enthusiastic recommendation of a satisfied user.

# Cabinet Glenwood

Reynolds & Son, Barre

## THREE KILLED IN A STATION

Flyer Dashes Into New Jersey Crowd

### VICTIMS GET NO WARNING

They Were Waiting to Board a Train That Was Standing on a Track Nearby When They Were Run Down Without Warning.

Elizabeth, N. J., April 17.—An east-bound express of the New Jersey Central railroad plunged into a crowd about to board a standing local train here last night, killing three persons and injuring several others.

The dead are Mrs. Ann Aliza Stone, aged 87 of Riverhead, L. I.; Mrs. Anna Cosgrove, aged 60, of Belpoint, N. J.; Mrs. Stone's daughter and Edward S. Saunders of Point Pleasant, N. J., baggage-master of the local train.

The baggage-master is said to have lost his life while trying to save Mrs. Cosgrove.

The Lakewood flyer was the train that caused the fatalities and it continued to Jersey City without stopping.

Saunders heard the roar of the oncoming express and shouted a warning which cleared the track of those flocking across it to the standing local train with the exception of Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Cosgrove. Mrs. Cosgrove saw the approaching train and tried to assist her mother, whose step was slow because of age and infirmities to safety. When the express was almost upon them the baggage-master leaped from his coach and ran toward them 30 feet, mutilating their bodies across the tracks.

The train caught the trio squarely in the center of the tracks and hurled them 30 feet, mutilating their bodies and splattering their blood upon the clothing of half a dozen or more women, who had narrow escapes.

Paul Withington to Marry.

Boston, April 17.—Paul Withington, formerly prominent in athletics at Harvard and now assistant graduate manager of athletics at the university, took out a license in Boston Saturday to marry Miss Constance Restarick.

Miss Restarick, who is the daughter of Rev. H. R. Restarick, Episcopal bishop of Honolulu, is not only an accomplished musician and singer, but also holds two athletic championships. She is the best tennis player and oarswoman in the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Withington came to Harvard from Honolulu, and he and Miss Restarick have known each other since childhood, when their families were neighbors in southern California.

The Toad's Tongue.

The skillful manner in which a pet toad used its wonderfully formed tongue entitled it to be ranked as an expert. For one thing, it showed wonderful skill in judging distances. The tongue was never darted out until the insect came within a certain range. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter for surprise. The insects were generally in motion when the tongue was darted out against them, but the arrow never failed to hit. The rapidity with which the tongue was shot forth excited much wonder. The operation is a complex one. The tongue is doubled or folded up when in the mouth. Therefore a twofold action is required, an uncoupling of the weapon and then the darting of it forth. The withdrawing of the tongue with the captured insect on the tip was not less remarkable. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue tip and the struggles of the prey the victim was never dropped.—Exchange.

France Has Run the Gamut.

No other modern nation has undergone changes more frequent, more radical, more sudden, bloody and dramatic. In forms of government France has boxed the compass—has been feudal, monarchical, imperial, republican and revolutionary. She has sounded the depths of royal absolutism and of communistic anarchy; has made and unmade constitutions in the pathetic effort to get one that would fit; has known a military despotism which bludgeoned the women to marry and bear children in order that Napoleon might be continuously supplied with troops; has known an absolute monarchy where a graceful manner was more effective at court than a head well filled with sense and has known a government of the rabble under which there was an insurrection against property and death sentences passed against citizens for the sin of wearing aristocratic names and clean shirts.—From "The Story of France," by Thomas E. Watson.

A NOVEL INTRODUCTION.

Dr. Howard Co. Makes a Special Price.

The Dr. Howard company have entered into an arrangement with D. E. Davis' drug store, by which a special introductory offer will be made of 25 cents on the 50 cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

Headaches, coated tongues, dizziness, gas on the stomach, specks before the eyes, constipation and all forms of malaria and liver trouble are soon cured by this scientific medicine.

D. E. Davis has been able to secure only a limited supply, so every one who wishes to be cured of dyspepsia or constipation should call upon him at once or send him 25 cents by mail and get 60 doses of the best medicine ever made on this special half price introductory offer, with his personal guarantee to refund the money if the specific does not cure.

Feeding the Fish.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I wait on you any longer! Here, help yourselves.—Life.

## WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

### Magazine Review.

Says That Personal Property Taxation Is One of the Causes For the High Cost of Living.

Albert J. Neek writing in the April American Magazine on the inequalities and injustice of the personal-property tax laws, claims that the worst feature of this system of taxation is the imposition of the indirect and double tax. He says:

"When you buy any manufactured article do you ever consider how many times it has been taxed? How many successive taxes, I mean, have been levied upon it at different stages from start to finish of its manufacture, and accumulate to swell the final cost that you are paying? If you ever made that calculation, you have one less reason to wonder why the cost of living is so high."

"Take any article you please, the more common and necessary the better, and trace the history of its taxation. If you are fortunate enough to afford a suit of clothes that has any wool in it, take up the history of that wool and follow it through from sheep to suit. Wool is an extravagance these days for most of us—have you wondered why? Formerly wool was not much of a luxury, and still less costly to be a luxury now. Wool is not scarce, plenty of it is gotten, it is not hard to get; the trouble is it is terribly hard to pay for. Why?"

"When you pay your tailor for your all-wool suit, you pay an aggregate of nine taxes on its wool, and that is fast work for a man who is trying to make an 1803 income live with 1911 prices. First, the sheep was taxed as personal property of the farmer. After shearing the wool goes to a wholesaler and is taxed again. It is sold to the manufacturer and taxed again as a raw material. It is manufactured with taxed machinery and dyed with taxed dye. Then in the form of cloth it goes to a second wholesaler and is taxed as part of his stock in trade. Then it goes to the merchant-tailor's stock and is taxed for a seventh time. Finally it is made into a suit, and, theoretically, at least, taxed while you wear it, as personal property—sometimes actually taxed, e. g., Paris gowns and elaborate wardrobe. Eight taxes, all told, and the last man pays the aggregate of them all."

"This is one reason why good clothes come a trifle high just now."

Bottled Power.

Far out on the southwest coast of the country—almost on the beach, in fact—as if taking a last desperate stand against an advancing conqueror, stand three giant engines. The man who placed them there received a small fortune in bonuses over his contract price on account of their high efficiency—which shows that they are among the very most efficient engines in the world. But still they are not good enough.

Notwithstanding faithful turning out of 20,000 horsepower for twenty hours a day so that the people of Los Angeles can enjoy roller rides, they now find themselves regarded as has-beens.

Beside them in the same engine room now stands a new engine. Nobody would suspect it of being an engine, for it seems to be nothing but a round steel tower having the appearance of a young lighthouse. This new giant came on sixteen freight cars and is known as a Curtis vertical turbine. On the 29th of last December he began to spin and to roar, and ever since has stood out in wonderful contrast to the three old time giants. While they are able to turn out 20,000 horsepower together, the new comer—although not a bit bigger—can do it single handed.

While they occupy a space of one hundred and forty feet by seventy-five feet, he works comfortably in a corner fifty-six by thirty-eight. The old timers, grinding out a hundred turns a minute, shake the earth so it can be seen in the bubble of a surveyor's level hundreds of feet away; but the new boy turns 740 times a minute and never quivers. All the beautiful scientific rams and levers on the old timers that have been perfected and refined to such exactness since the time of James Watt—these the new giant dispenses with altogether. He is a most deceiving individual, and were it not for his trick of blowing your hat off when you come into the hot draft from his whirling magnets, you might never suspect him of moving at all.—From "Can of Condensed Power," in May Technical World Magazine.

## In Woman's Realm.

A teaspoonful of glycerine in the rinse water makes the dannels come out like new.

A few drops of lemon juice or vinegar put in the water in which cauliflower is to be cooked will greatly preserve its whiteness.

To scale fish easily pour on hot water slowly till scales curl, then scrape quickly. Wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted so no slime will be left.

When making gravy remove the pan from the fire while the thickening is being stirred in, and when smooth return to the fire to cook. This method prevents lumps forming.

To renovate black kid gloves, mix together equal quantities of white of an egg, black ink, and milk or cream. Put the gloves on the hands and apply the compound to the rubbed parts with a bit of soft flannel. Kid shoes may be treated in the same way.

When you wash your pretty glass pieces next time, try dropping a few drops of blueing to the soap suds, then wash your pieces in the ordinary manner. You will like the way they will sparkle and how clear the glassware will look from this simple yet most effective treatment.

Scissors are so useful in the kitchen that a pair should be bought expressly for that room. Scissors are nicer than a pair of kitchen scissors, and oranges are more easily scooped from their skins if the pith is clipped in a few places; lettuce may be cut in ribbons, and celery and chicken cut up for salad.

Potato salad.—Slice cold boiled potatoes and put them in a salad dish; cover with thin slices of hard boiled eggs and strewn with bits of pickled onion; when the dish is full, pour over them a dressing made in the proportion of one tablespoon of vinegar to three of salad oil, one spoon of salt to half as much pepper and the same quantity of made mustard; beat up well before pouring over the salad; let all stand 10 minutes or more before serving.

Always have the room where your piano is kept at a moderate heat and if this cannot be, have your room well warmed before you use your piano. When dusting the piano use an old silk handkerchief or an old silk stocking, as it does not scratch it. Piano covers are not so much used as they used to be—they cover the piano up too much. The newest is a small dolly on each side of the top; pretty covers or candlesticks make it more attractive.

### Removing Stains.

To remove ink stains, wash fresh, soak in milk, using fresh milk as it becomes discolored. If the stain has been allowed to dry, use salts of lemon, first wetting the spot, then rubbing the salts on and rinsing well with cold water. It may sometimes be necessary to repeat the process.

To remove tea and coffee stains, stretch the stained piece over a bowl and pour boiling water through the stain.

To remove wine or fruit stains, put a layer of salt on the stain as soon as made and treat with boiling water, the same as for tea stains.

To remove acid stains, such as vinegar or lemon juice, which will often change the color of colored fabrics, sponge very lightly with ammonia and water, using 1 tablespoonful of ammonia to four of water.

### Asparagus Bed Needs Salt.

Asparagus, that delicious spring vegetable, is expensive when first seen in the market, but it is one of the most satisfactory vegetables to have in the home garden. When making an asparagus bed, the 2-year-old roots are the best to buy, as the shoots are ready to use the following year.

Make a trench about eight inches deep, put in some good rich fertilizer and cover with a little dirt. Allow the soil to become warm, and then set out the roots about a foot apart. In the fall cover with a layer of fertilizer at least six inches deep, and in the spring this is forked into the soil. The difference between large and small asparagus is in the amount of fertilizer used.

Salt should be used generously in the spring, as it is a marine plant and needs salt to nourish it. The water from the ice cream freezer may be used with good effect if sprinkled on to the asparagus bed, says the *Janesville Gazette*.

During the first year the bed will need cultivation several times, after that only in the spring before the shoot start and in the fall a thick coat of fertilizer.

A hundred roots will produce enough asparagus to supply a family of six with all the asparagus needed.

When cooking the young tender stalks, the best method is to tie them in bunches and stand the bunches in boiling water. The steam is sufficient to cook the tender tips, and the coarser stalk ends have a chance to cook in the water.

Appropriate sauces to serve with asparagus are drawn butter sauce, white sauce or hollandaise sauce.

If any of the vegetable is left the sauce may be washed off and the asparagus may then be added to a salad with French dressing. The tough ends may be used in a soup.

Dorothy Dexter.

### Quite Like Home.

A native of one of the most western of the United States of America was crossing the Atlantic in rough weather. One morning he went up on deck when a big gale was blowing. Nobody was in sight except the captain.

"Go below there!" shouted the captain.

The passenger looked around to see whom he was talking to.

"You mean me?" he yelled back, as there was no one else in sight.

"Of course I do. Go below," and the captain came alongside.

"Well, I guess not," protested the passenger. "I'm up here to see how one of your mountain-high waves and terrible gales compares with what we have at home in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patch to what I've seen out our way."

A big wave just then broke over the deck, sweeping the speaker aft. They picked him up with a broken leg, a twisted shoulder and a sprained wrist. When he came to be saw the captain.

"Captain," he said feebly, "that reminded me of home, only it was a sight wetter."—Tit-Bits.

## PARIS AS A SEAPORT.

New Project Based on 24-Year-Old One to Entail \$50,000,000 Expenses.

From all accounts particular interest is now being displayed by the council general of the Seine and the Paris municipal council in the project for the conversion of the French capital into a "seaport." M. Charles Leboucq, who is a deputy for Paris and a member of several technical commissions, has published a very instructive article on the subject. He says that the work would cost \$10,000,000 at the highest estimate, and that the result would be well worth the money. M. Leboucq explains the whole plan, which is based to a considerable extent on the scheme of Bouquet de la Grye, and in so doing throws full light on one or two points which have been rather obscure. Allusion, for instance, was made to a canal at Sartrouville. As a matter of fact, this canal would start from Bezons, and, being carried on to Sartrouville, would save a turn of some length, as the Seine winds round in this district. Similarly the canal would run from Pont de l'Arche to Trouville. These two canals would reduce the voyage from Paris to Rouen by forty miles, making the total course 115 miles.

At the present date there are eight barges, but according to the plan the number would be decreased to four. There would be one barge at Sartrouville, another at Poissy, a third at Mericourt, and a fourth at Poses, which is situated thirteen miles above Rouen.

The terminus would be the Chilly bridge, so the "maritime port" of Paris would be between that spot and Saint Denis, and there would be "secondary ports" at Argenteuil, Poissy-Archeres, Nanterre, and Vernon. The work would occupy six years. M. Leboucq says that the great difficulty arose from the obligation to consider the railway traffic between Paris and Havre. But this difficulty would be met by further elevating the railway bridges over the Seine.

After all such an achievement appears to be possible. The chief drawback would seem to be, would there always be a sufficient depth of water? M. Leboucq replies to this question by explaining that Bouquet de la Grye studied the question for many years, and he would not have been so enthusiastic over his project if he had not been convinced that the necessary amount of water could be reckoned on.

—Paris correspondence of London Telegraph.

## ANCIENT LUXURIES.

Silver Lined Cooking Utensils Used Twenty Centuries Ago.

While the housewife of today may reasonably pride herself on the conveniences which her kitchen affords, she need not smile too superciliously at the thought of the makeshifts of days long gone by. She would certainly not do so were she to spend a little time inspecting the kitchen and other household utensils that were in use 2,000 years ago, as exhibited in the national museum at Naples. Saucepans lined with silver, plates richly inlaid with arabesques in silver and shovels handsomely carved figure among the household goods of those times.

An egg frame that would cook twenty eggs at once and pastry molds shaped like shells suggest luxuries of the kitchen of 2,000 years ago. Griddles and frying pans, tart dishes and cheese graters were in use then as now.

The Roman lady's toilet table was well supplied. Ivory combs, bottles of perfume, pots of cosmetics, buttons, hairpins and even a hair net of gold wire figure in the museum.

Bronze thimbles and spindles are to be seen among the relics. The Roman lady even had her safety pin, for there is a specimen of this little convenience which, before the one in the Naples museum was found, was believed to be a strictly modern invention.

The Roman lady, however, apparently lacked one essential. She had no hairbrush. Neither had she a glass mirror. All the mirrors in the museum, with one exception, are of silver or some other white metal. The exception is a dark purple piece of glass set into the wall of a bedroom at the house Specchio in Pompeii.

In surgical instruments the ancient world was rich. Those found at Pompeii depict modern science of the credit of more than one invention. Needles, probes and forceps resemble closely those in use at the present day.—Harper's Weekly.

## THE CZAR'S LEAVINGS.

A Doubtful Honor That Was Rejected by a Polish Girl.

In Russia royalty is so revered that to the loyal subject it seems a great honor to follow the czar. The government is eminently patriarchal—in theory, at least—and the emperor must supervise as well as patronize the schools. At the Easter festival the pupils are treated with especial favor. Young girls of the upper classes of the Imperial Girls' school are driven in a long procession through the streets in the imperial carriages. The pleasure for them is only that of being allowed to take a drive in a stylish court carriage, with coachman and footman in the imperial livery. There is nothing special to be seen.

The theory of this is that the czar stands in a sort of higher parental relation to all these children. When he once a year visits one of these schools—to which only the children of the nobility are admitted—it is a custom that as a sign of his favor he drops his pocket handkerchief, and the girls all scramble for it, tearing it to pieces, so that each one can get a fragment.

He takes the most brilliant girl to the table and tastes of the food of the institution. It is valued as the highest distinction when he gives one of the girls his plate with what is left upon it. It is the custom and usage for her to eat it with delight shown in all her features. Great was the astonishment of Alexander II. when a young girl, a Pole, whom the czar had taken to the table as being the most distinguished scholar of the institute and to whom he had passed what was left of his meat and potatoes, added to a servant and calmly gave him the czar's plate to take away.

## A Blackberry Craze

By M. QUAD

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Hawkinsville is a village in the shadow of a certain New England mountain. It is called the laziest place in its state, and rightly so. Ten years ago a stranger came along and gave it its deathblow, and in a rather queer way.

There was a tavern at Hawkinsville. There was little need of one, as very few strangers ever found the place, but there was one, and it was kept by a lazy man. There was a blacksmith shop, and its owner was lazy. It was the same with the butcher, the cooper and others. Laziness and content prevailed.

Just why this laziness should have irritated a traveler who rested at the tavern for a few days was a puzzle. He was not in the best of health, and he wanted peace and rest, but the laziness and serenity of others appeared to gail him. The weather was hot, and of an afternoon about 200 men would occupy the long veranda of the hotel.

It was about time for the blackberry season to open. The mountain sides and the fringes of the highways were thick with blackberry bushes, and the crop of berries promised to be unusually large that season. It was from seeing a freckled faced boy with a basket of berries on his arm that the stranger must have got his idea. The landlord was lazy. His son, who waited on the table, was lazy. The stranger called them into consultation. He first swore them to secrecy. Then he admitted to being a resident of Philadelphia and a wine dealer. He had invented a new champagne, and the basis of it was blackberry wine. He was up in that blackberry country to secure it.

The lazy landlord lazily figured, but his figures proved to him that he could make more profit in one day picking berries than running his tavern for sixty. Four dollars per day for his figures, and there were four of them to pick and press. The four started out next morning. Yes, they let some of their friends in on the ground floor. That was the reason why Hawkinsville got the blackberry craze. In two days it had everybody wild.

There is no man so lazy that he won't pick blackberries. The bushes are high, and you don't have to bend over. In some cases you can sit down and pick. All you have to do is to reach out a hand. You can fall asleep, take a refreshing nap and then wake up and go to picking again. The champagne lazy men of Hawkinsville got a move on them. Four dollars a day and they could keep together and talk as they picked! The women went out. The children went out. Old grandfathers and grandmothers went out. A certain citizen who had been told that he would die within three days braced up and lived two weeks in order to give his family a chance to go berrying.

When about forty people are engaged in hunting the blackberry there must be results. They came in at night with full baskets and pails, and before they slept the berries were turned into wine and bottled and juggled and kegged. The champagne man was on hand to speak encouraging words. He even went out and did a little picking himself and turned over the berries to the widows and the fatherless.

One day a lightning rod man drove into the town. He had been there before. He knew how lazy everybody was and he longed to throw strenuous aside for awhile and mingle with them. No one on the tavern veranda—only a lame man in sight on the streets. The town was dead.

"Taller fever?" he asked of the lame man.

"Nope."  
"Cholera?"  
"Nope."  
"Smallpox around?"  
"Nope."  
"What does this mean?"  
"Blackberries and \$4 a day."

When the lightning man had heard the full particulars he shut one eye and held it closed for a long minute before saying:

"Jest so; jest so. Blackberry boom. Blackberry champagne. Blackberry stranger. Well, it ain't any of my funeral. If a town is bound and determined to kill herself it won't do no good for one man to talk."

"What's the matter?" asked the lame man.

"Oh, I ain't wanting to interrupt the fun, but lemme ask you if you ever heard that champagne was made of blackberries?"

"I never knowed how it was made."

"Well, lemme tell you. When the inhabitants come back tonight tell 'em I was here and when I heard about the champagne business I winked my eye—the left eye. Tell 'em I never wink that eye unless there's something doing."

It was the last of the blackberry season. The bushes had been stripped for four miles around. On the last day of picking all the green ones had been taken as well. The pickers came back to find the champagne man gone. They came back to learn what the lightning man had said. They clung to their faith for a week, and then they decided that they had been hoodwinked, and they called a public meeting and "resolved that every durned critter in the town of Hawkinsville be lazier than ever to make up for this boom."

And that's why there have been no funerals in the town since. The people are too lazy to die.

## AN AERIAL ENTHUSIAST

By LUCY K. WYNKOOP

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Having been left a fortune very much larger than I had any use for—I was a young girl then or I would have known that no fortune is quite large enough—I determined to endow some institution. A member of the board of directors of an insane asylum, a lady, persuaded me to give her per project \$100,000.

I drove one afternoon to the asylum with a check for the amount I was to give. The lady I had mentioned went with me and had arranged for her attorney to be there with the necessary legal papers.

When we arrived we found a telegram from the attorney saying that he would be delayed. Learning that the patients were to have a dance the same evening, we decided to remain and have a look at the dancers. No patients were received in the institution except those who were considered harmless. Indeed, most of them were unbalanced on but one subject. We were given tea in the apartments of the medical director, and his wife made us at home till the ball opened, which was very early in the evening, for it must end at 10 o'clock.

I and my gift were known, and nothing would do but that I should take part in the festivities. I danced several times, when a young man of very prepossessing appearance came up to me and asked if I would be his partner. There are occasions when a girl will meet a man to whom she is especially drawn. I had not been in company with this young fellow long before I felt a pang that he should be insane. He charmed me at once.

Naturally I wished to discover his weak point. I tried him on several subjects, but saw nothing abnormal until I struck aviation. Then he began

to talk wild. He said that he had some views about flying machines he hoped to work out which would bring aeroplanes nearer to the construction of birds. A bird's wings were not rigid. Why should those of an aeroplane be rigid? He had in mind a plan by which the wings of the machine should flap like those of the bird.

"True," he said, "birds often soar without using their pinions, but since they flap them at all it indicates that flapping is necessary."

"Why do you wish to go up in the air?" I asked. "I am quite content on the earth."

"Only know that I would love to sail up in the clouds, to pass over the tops of high mountains. I would love to—"

I shut him off. I was quite satisfied with having discovered his weakness. I had no mind to get him to raving. I excused myself and joined some one else. But later, shortly before the close of the entertainment, he joined me again and asked for a last dance.

I declined. His personality had thrown a spell over me which I thought if yielded to would grow upon me. In other words, I felt that I had met my fate in one of unsound mind and it would be dangerous to my comfort to yield to what might soon become a serious infatuation. He gave me a half reproachful glance—a glance suggesting to me as it had been impressed by me as I had been impressed by him—and left me.

When the evening's amusement was ended my friend the directress told me that we would proceed to the superintendent's room, where the attorney was waiting for us to transact our business, and then go home. I went with her, and, on opening the door of the office, there, sitting at a table looking over some papers, was the young man who had gone daft on aviation. I stopped short, paralyzed with astonishment. He arose and gave me one of those pleasant smiles that had helped to charm me.

"Why," I said, "I—I didn't expect to find you here."

It was his turn to look surprised. "I supposed you knew who I was," he said.

"I did not. I thought"—I stopped. He looked very much amused. "I see," he said. "You mistook me for one of the patients. I'm not sure but some of them might change places with me to my advantage." Then, turning to the work before him, he read me several legal documents, now and then stopping to explain something. I knew not half as much of what he was talking as when he was discoursing on aviation. When he